

Caught Reading by MusicLover6661

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Summary:

“Darling, what are you reading?”

Caught Reading

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His hands grazing her hips softly, a moan softly passing her lips. His lips and teeth nipping along the skin of her neck. She wasn't sure when she had fallen pray to the words that were Billy Hargrove's, she had always assumed she was smart. Except now she was in his room, her clothes thrown haphazardly around. He grinded his hips roughly against hers, the head of his co-.

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"Baby! I'm home!" Dacre's loud voice boomed throughout the apartment. I blushed and exited out of the page I had just been on.

Sure I was reading something harmless, something that most people did nowadays. Except they were all about my boyfriend, a character he played. There were many times I wanted to tell people who I was, after I read their work of course. They'd probably be embarrassed. I had made a few friends too, they were all very kind towards me even though none of them knew what I looked like.

"You're still holed up in bed?" Dacre walked over to the end of the bed and crawled up towards where I was half sitting, half laying.

"I wanted to have a lazy day for myself" I smiled softly and closed my laptop before setting it down on the nightstand next to my bed.

"I'm sure you did darling" He plopped himself down next to me and stretched.

"How were the interviews today?" I scooted down and rested my head against his chest, his arms slowly wrapping themselves around my waist.

"Good, I felt like I answered the same question fifteen times though" Dacre grunted and rolled his eyes, he hated redundant questions.

I traced my hands along his side and nodded, I knew he loved what he did, but things could get old quick if people didn't change up their approach. I had gone with him and sat behind the cameras during interviews. They weren't too fond of that at times which was fun to watch, he'd get distracted with something I was doing and mess up his answer so they'd ask again.

"I know babe, but soon enough you'll be doing something else and

it'll start all over again” He nodded his head and kissed my forehead. “Let's just relax for now, and then I'll make something for dinner okay?” I propped myself up and looked at him. His eyes were tired but there was a faint hint of a smile on his lips. “That sounds lovely princess” I blushed at the nickname, he had started calling me that after he started filming Stranger Things 2.

It was a few hours later that I woke up, held tight into Dacre's side. Had we both fallen asleep? Shit I hadn't meant to, that's all I had done today was sleep. Dacre was letting out quiet snores, his shirt had ridden up a few inches from the way we fell asleep together. The tanned flesh looked deeper against the crisp white sheets. The same ones I had begged Dacre to change to a different color, white and me never mixed well together. I was about to get out the bed before his phone began to ring, this could either be a good thing or a bad thing. I grabbed the phone and answered it quickly, pressing it against my ear.

“Hey, what's up?” Mark, his manager seemed taken aback at my voice. Dacre was very punctual if he was expecting a phone call.

“Oh hey Y/N, is Dacre around?” He asked, there were a few voices behind him chatting.

“Yeah let me wake him real quick” I pressed the phone against my chest to muffle it just in case I had to yell to wake him.

“Dacre, Mark's on the phone for you” Dacre's eyes shot open at that, grabbing the phone and pressing it against his own ear.

The conversation only lasted about a minute before he hung up, changing into different clothes and running into the bathroom to fix his hair. Was there something I wasn't included in or?

“Dacre?” I scooted to the edge of the bed and sat with my legs hanging off.

“Sorry love, there was another interview I completely forgot. Everyone's already there waiting for me” He buttoned up his shirt about halfway, checking to make sure it looked alright in the mirror as he did.

“It was my fault, I fell asleep against you in the first place” He had always said I made him tired whenever I was tired, and well it happened at one of the worst times.

“Don't worry about it love, I'll make it up when I get back home” He

ran over and kissed my cheek before running out to his car.

I sat back against the bed and sighed, as much as I loved that man he could definitely be a little too frazzled at times. Then again I did fall asleep against him. He's just so damn comfortable, and when he talks about his day all I want to do is relax. That's probably how we ended up falling asleep, he was excited about the new questions he would get asked. Deciding that he wouldn't be back for a while, I grabbed my laptop and turned it back on. I'd just get some more reading in while he was away.

I opened the page and went back to the one I had been reading, except I couldn't feel as immersed as before. So clicking out of that one I scrolled through my options, if the summary didn't suck me in I didn't bother. It sounded rude I know, but I got bored quickly. Need something to suck me in and keep me there. There was one though that caught my interest almost immediately. I decided to click on it for the hell of it, if Dacre came home earlier than expected I'd just go back to the beginning.

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His hands were like ice against my blazing skin, begging for release as he trailed the tips of his fingers along my sides. I knew better than to open my mouth, I was allowed to breathe and that was all. I had disobeyed him earlier and now I was being punished for it. My body was quivering with desire, I needed his hands on me, anywhere.

"Oh princess, you're already dripping for me" His middle finger glided along my folds, rubbing so lightly against my clit.

"Only for you daddy" I couldn't help but whimper, I needed his fingers inside of me.

"Did I say you could speak?" His voice was harsh, I bit my lip hard and shook my head no. I definitely was going to be punished now.

"Hands and knees, now" I nodded and got into position.

I took slow deep breaths waiting for whatever my punishment was, we had a safe word if I really needed it. Although I couldn't remember the last time I had to use it. I yelped as one of his hands smacked my ass roughly. Relax, breathe, and remember this is what happens when you're bad. I counted up to fifteen before he stopped, rubbing the cheeks gently.

"Now babygirl, do you deserve to be rewarded for being so good?" He walked around to my bedside table, I had everything he could need in there.

"Please daddy" I whispered softly, I knew better than to beg too much.

"What's this?" His voice was angry again, I turned to look at what he was holding and blushed. It was the vibrator I used when he wasn't around.

"For play time when you're not around" I knew I was treading on thin ice, Billy didn't like me getting pleasure unless it was from him.

"Oh really?" He clicked it on, turning it all the way up before sliding it against my clit.

I couldn't help the way my hips bucked at the pleasure, a scream ripping through my throat as he pushed it down harder. Watching the way my hips shook as my orgasm grew closer, before I could feel utter bliss it was pulled away. Turned off and thrown back into the drawer, his hands colliding with my ass once again. I gripped the sheet tight and willed for it to pass. He surpassed his number this time, going up to thirty. There were going to be bruises in the morning, I'd resort to taking a pillow with me everywhere I sat.

"Do you know what happens to girls who are bad?" He positioned himself behind me, I could feel the head of his cock rub against my pussy.

"No daddy" I shivered as he pushed the head in slowly, teasing.

"They get fucked until they beg daddy to stop" He pushed his cock in roughly, snapping his hips back before pushing back in.

His hips were relenting, pulling out almost completely before slamming back in. The headboard slamming against the wall as he fucked me, my orgasm crashing into me as I screamed his name. He didn't stop though, his pace didn't falter as if he was going to cum. He pulled out and pushed me so I was lying on my back looking up at him, his eyes clouded with lust. He pushed his cock back inside slowly, his hands wrapping around my throat as he did. I wrapped my legs around his waist tight and arched my back. A second orgasm tearing through me harshly.

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"Darling, what are you reading?" His voice caught me off guard, the

laptop almost slipping from my lap.

"Oh, nothing" I tried to close it but Dacre caught my hand, his eyebrow raised in question.

"Let's see about that" I felt my heart jump into my throat, this wasn't how I wanted my night to go.

Dacre walked around and read the words on the page, his eyes narrowing as he tried to figure out what I was currently reading. His tongue ran along his lower lip as he read the names, his lips pulling up into a smile.

"Is this what I think it is?" He turned to look at me, his smile even bigger.

"I get bored when you're not home" I mumbled closing the laptop. I felt more embarrassed than anything.

"There's nothing wrong with that babe" He took the laptop from my hands and set it down on my nightstand.

"Still, it's written about someone you play" I watched as he laid down on the bed by my feet.

"And you get the real thing when I'm home, I can't get mad that you're reading about me when I'm not home" He smirked and sat up, pulling me into his lap as he did.

"I know babe" I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him slowly, our lips molding together perfectly.

He held my waist tight and grunted as I grinded my hips against his. The rough material of his jeans was nothing compared to my soft pajama shorts. Pulling my waist closer he rolled over so he was on top. I couldn't help the gasp that escaped, he was always doing that when I wasn't expecting it.

"One of these days we're gonna end up on the floor" I said giggling, kissing along his neck as his hands slid underneath the shirt I wore.

"And I'll fuck you on the floor the day it happens" He mumbled against my skin, his hand grazing over my nipple lightly.

"Dacre" His word sounded like a sin coming out of my mouth, he began to gently knead my breast as his lips trailed down the open buttons of the shirt I wore. I loved wearing his clothes when he wasn't home, they smelled so much like him.

"God, you've been teasing me all morning with my fucking shirt" He sat up and tore the shirt open, the buttons flying to every inch of the

room.

I gasped and covered my chest with my hands the best I could. Dacre bit his lip and rubbed his hands up my stomach and sides. I could tell from the bulge in his jeans that he was hard, and there was only way this was going to end for either of us.

“Don't hide from me baby, you know what I want” His lips were mere inches away from my own, his normally bright blue eyes were dark. “You'll get it too” I attached my lips to his and worked on unbuttoning the last few buttons on his shirt, he kissed me hungrily, slipping his tongue between my lips as I pushed his shirt off.

He fumbled taking off his belt, kissing down and across my neck as he pulled it off and dropped it into the pile of clothes next to the bed. I pushed myself up and pushed off the now ruined shirt, moving down to take off my pajama shorts. Dacre stopped me, opting to pull them off himself. His eyes widened as he saw that I had no panties on, his eyes flicking up to my face.

“Darling, who said you could be so naughty when I'm not home?” His words were choked, locked on my glistening pussy. “You did baby” I kissed just under his jaw and unbuttoned his jeans, the zipper sliding down on it's own.

I traced my finger along the waistband of his boxers and slipped my fingers in, snapping the band back against his skin. He bit his lip roughly pushing the jeans off his hips before stopping mid thigh. He was horny, and he wanted my mouth on his cock before anything. Giggling softly, I pulled down his boxers, keeping my eyes on his fully hard cock. Flushed red from the pressure of his jeans, the blood flowing quickly as I gripped the base in my fingers. I was going to tease, and tempt. Show him what he wanted but couldn't yet have. I leant my head down and licked a hot stripe from base to tip, his head thrown back with a loud moan. I repeated the action twice more before pulling the head of his cock into my mouth, sucking lightly as I squeezed gently and rubbed with my free hand.

“Y/N, if you don't do something soon I'm gonna die” His breathing was rough, coming out of his lips slower than it went in. “Take off your jeans and do with me as you please” I pulled my

hands away from him, dropping all contact entirely.

He whimpered at the sudden loss of contact and stood up to kick off his jeans and boxers. He was back over me within seconds, I ran my hands up his chest and gasped as he pushed in slowly, he knew I was ready. If it were any other day we would've taken plenty of time for foreplay, but right now we were both manic. We needed each other more than anything else. I arched my back and grinded my hips down against his, his cock pushing in farther.

"Fuck, Dacre" I whimpered as he grabbed my ass and started to thrust quicker, moaning loudly.

"God baby you feel so good" He pushed up onto his knees and rested my legs over his shoulders.

"Only for you" I said biting my lip, he pulled back and thrust harder. His hips slamming into mine.

I could only moan and grip onto the sheets as Dacre's cock slammed harder, hitting places I didn't know he could ever hit. His chest was covered in a sheen of sweat as he pulled back and rubbed the head of his cock against my clit. My orgasm crashing into me as I gripped onto his arms, he chuckled lowly and pushed back in to help me ride out my high. His hips never faltered as my orgasm peaked higher than ever before. They moved with a purpose, his eyes watching my body closely.

"I want you to cum again, all over my cock" He ground his hips and pulled my hips flush against his own.

"I can't Dacre" Tears were streaming down my cheeks, the pleasure was beginning to be too much.

"You can, and you will darling" He grabbed my wrist and guided my hand down to my clit, I knew what he wanted me to do.

I bit my lip harder and began to rub my clit in time with his thrusts, the pleasure coursing through my body like a drug. As my second orgasm washed over me Dacre's hips faltered, his cum filling me up as he thrust twice more before pulling out and laying next to me on the bed.

I tried to catch my breath and laugh, but it was hard. It was the most intense sex we'd ever had together. Dacre would usually make me

cum multiple times during foreplay, but during sex he was a beast. He wanted me to scream his name and squirm.

“Baby, I can't feel my legs” I laughed and laid my head back. My entire lower half was numb, a light tingling sensation

“I did a good job then” He smiled and pulled me into his side, rubbing circles into my back as I relaxed against him.

“You most certainly did” I rubbed my hands along his chest and yawned.

The room was quiet, save for our labored breathing and the birds chirping outside. The crickets would be out soon as the sun began to set. I could feel myself begin to drift off to sleep before Dacre spoke up again.

“Why him? That character I mean” I knew what he was asking, and I was hoping he was going to drop the subject entirely.

“I'm not sure actually, I think it's because that character is such a rebel and you're such a sweetheart” I looked up at him, he nodded in agreement.

“I would've thought you'd prefer Jason over Billy to be honest” He looked down at me and smiled, I rolled my eyes and giggled.

“Billy's ass looks better in jeans anyway” I kissed him softly, he cupped my cheek gently and kissed back.

“Of course doll” Dacre whispered softly, he was using his “Billy” voice as I had once called it. I couldn't help but laugh at that.

To be fair, I wasn't happy admitting to my boyfriend I read fanfiction about a character he played. But if he took me the way he did earlier. Well I'd gladly get caught reading anyway.